

GWENDOLEN

AN ORIGINAL STORY

Written by a Pupil of the
Ocala High School While
Yet in Her 13th Year.

It all happened among the hills of Tennessee. She a southern brunette beauty, with pearly teeth and a complexion like the red roses of her southern land.

Her father and mother having died when she was but a mere child, left her the only heir to an old colonial mansion situated on a high hill overlooking the Cumberland.

If in passing you chanced to look toward this spot of beauty you might see cattle and horses grazing on the hillside, and the birds in the tree tops chirping away as though the world had never known a sorrow.

Gwendolen, unlike most girls, was not proud and haughty, but possessed as sweet a disposition as anyone could wish for.

Her horse was her best companion. She loved it more than anything except her old grandmother, who lived with and cared for her since the death of her parents.

Every evening Gwendolen could be seen dashing along the hillside roads, jumping fences and crossing creeks, caring for nothing but her "Bonnie Bell."

There was one person who watched Gwendolen every morning. As she passed, it seemed to him as though the world had changed into a ray of sunshine, to pass away as she vanished from his sight.

McClellan Oliver was a man possessing all the characteristics of a rising young lawyer in New York City, who had come to this little country village to recuperate.

After watching the image of his dreams for several mornings, he resolved to meet her unexpectedly on her part while she was riding in some secluded spot.

We find him on the following morning awaiting Gwendolen in a little shady lane where she often rode. After waiting until all hope of her coming had vanished, he returned to the village, only to hear that she had left with her grandmother on a prolonged visit abroad.

He returned home, happy in the thought that he had seen the girl he loved, although it was only to lose her. He became dissatisfied and went back to New York, but as he could not be contented he decided to cross the ocean in search of her.

He went from place to place, vainly searching for her, not noticing the beautiful sights he had longed all his life to see, thinking of her alone. To him, the quaint old hills of Tennessee were far more beautiful than the scenery over there.

One day, while he was on the train between Paris and Berlin he saw her. He sought an opportunity to speak with her, but found there would be none, for he discovered she was with another, who might in the future prove to be his rival. This thought worried him more than he liked to confess. He would say to himself that it was best to give up and then he would declare that it was best to outlive the other fellow. He at last decided in favor of the latter, but another obstacle arose—she would be lost in the crowd and he would not see her again. But fate played him a good turn. At the next stop a lady boarded the train and joined the couple, and who should it be but an intimate friend of his.

In a few minutes she glanced his way and threw a bright smile, which told him that she recognized him. He saw now that an introduction could be obtained, but he did not expect it so soon.

While he was in this reverie, both the ladies approached and Mrs. Wellington came up with a "My dear boy, how well you look; how little you have changed; I would have known you anywhere. But I forgot; let me introduce you to my niece, Miss Wright; Mr. Oliver, Gwendolen, my dear."

"I have seen Mr. Oliver many times before, auntie, but have never had the pleasure of meeting him," said Gwendolen.

His heart gave a bound at those words. So she had seen him also. Being the niece of his old friend, surely she would bring them together often.

The girl did not notice the color that mounted to his face, or if she did she concealed it, and mentioned several times that she had seen him. She spoke of his stay in the mountains, and then she said that she had seen him once or twice since she had been in that country.

At that remark he changed color again. Had he been in sight of her and not seen her? It seemed incredible.

He ventured to ask where they were going, and on being told that they were going to Berlin, he said that he was going there also, and that if they would give him their address he

would be delighted to show them the city if it were agreeable.

She was the first to reply, and by the dancing eyes he could tell that she was more than glad, which pleased him more than I will venture to write.

Mrs. Wellington always accompanied them, so no opportunity was given him until one day she was quite ill and Gwendolen went alone with him.

He lost no time; but before they had gone far he was telling her the whole story; how from the first he had loved her, how he had followed her across the waters, and now that he had at last found her, he wanted her.

A close observer would have noticed that she loved him, but as all the fair sex must be coaxed, she hesitated, but at last was won.

But fate turned against them, for the old grandmother objected, as she had known him for such a short while. The knowledge that Mrs. Wellington had known him always did not prevail upon her; nothing would; and at last she forbade Gwendolen even conversing with him.

About a week had passed and he had not even had a glimpse of her.

While he was riding on a suburban street one morning, a horse came dashing up. He could not tell who the two occupants of the buggy were, but he determined to stop the now wild animal, for a few moments more and both would be killed. With this thought he leaped from his horse, directly in front of the other, grabbed the bit of the animal, and although he was thrown to the other side of the road, he stopped the horse, but was left unconscious.

The next thing he knew, Gwendolen was bending over him. That was enough. He was taken in a carriage to her home where they were given the consent of the old guardian, who was touched by the brave act.

A. B.

WATTERSON'S TRIBUTE TO THAT VALDOSTA YAM

"Here's a gigantic wad for the nature fakirs of the Louisville Courier-Journal, the Washington Herald, the Charleston News and Courier and the Houston Post," says the Atlanta Constitution, proudly reprinting a Valdosta, written-in-bond dispatch describing a sweet potato that almost filled a half-bushel measure and weighed 23 pounds.

In so far as the Courier-Journal is concerned, there is no disposition to speak of the Valdosta yam in a deprecatory manner, or even in a light and frivolous vein. Unquestionably it is a noble and sugary monument to Georgia agriculture, and a glorious tribute from mother earth to the prowess of the Georgian with the hoe. Gastronomically considered, the potato under discussion makes an appeal to the imagination that is sufficient to drain the largest and most imposing vocabulary of the adjectives of admiration. The glorious, gigantic, golden treasure that reached its rare perfection under the influence of the sun and sky that make the Georgia forests the trysting place of the mockingbird, and cause her cotton fields to be continuously musical with the spontaneous songs of the happiest tillers of the soil that the world has ever known, is without a defect, from our point of view, save that, like the grapes for which Tantalus yearned, it is a little out of reach.

No attempt to belittle the pride of Valdosta could be otherwise than both unworthy and futile. Very probably the fortunate mortals who riot in its ambrosial flavor, and solace themselves with the contemplation of its majestic proportions will ever afterwards classify themselves with the Olympian gods. Possibly they will adopt and carry out a resolution to refuse all other food and starve to death, happy in the memory of a tickling of the palate and an intoxication of all the senses similar to that experienced by the gentleman in the "Villa Claudia," who unearthed a jug of Horace, and experienced in ten minutes the varied thrills of a lifetime of refined debauchery.

Admitting that nowhere upon the face of the round earth has there ever been grown such a vegetable as the Broddingnagian yam of Valdosta—not forgetting the Alaskan turnip that foundered forty-four men and six sled-dogs—we can only say that notwithstanding logical enthusiasm over its size and succulence, that yam will, in a measure, waste its sweetness upon uncultured and unappreciative appetites because it will not be used to garnish a family of paw-pawed 'possums harvested in the dark of the moon in the penynrylle district of Kentucky.

Stomach Trouble Cured
If you have any trouble with your stomach you should take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Mr. J. P. Klote of Edina, Mo., says: "I have used a great many different medicines for stomach trouble, but find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets more beneficial than any other remedy I ever used." For sale by all druggists.

CARRIE NATION AND McNAMEE

Carrie Nation—not the hatchet-wielding, bottle-breaking, booze-spilling Carrie of palmier days, but a somewhat subdued, more conservative Carrie, who has adopted moral suasion as a substitute for "knock down and drag out" tactics in fighting the saloon, is most welcome to Tampa.

She will be given most respectful treatment, so long as she limits her activities to the moral suasion afore-said.

If she remains through the fair she will prove an additional attraction for that gay period, and not a few people will have their desire, to see the fair increased by the knowledge that this unique crusader will "be among those present."

The Evening News will respectfully suggest to President Brown that no more interesting event could be arranged for the fair than a joint debate between Mrs. Nation and Hon. Robert McNamee. Fresh from victorious fields in other counties where prohibition has menaced the liquor interests, Col. McNamee would be admirably qualified to meet the peppery Kansan and the battle between the hatchet and the overcoat would be worth going miles to see and hear.

Mrs. Nation has gone to Manatee county to spend a few days, and we commend her to the kindly attentions of Frank Walpole, Joe Humphries, John Bell and W. C. Lightfoot. Feed her on grapefruit, satiate her with the beautiful scenery of river and grove and garden, and she may become a devoted champion of that region, mayhap a permanent resident. But, we put the world on notice, when she returns to Tampa, we are going to propose that joint debate with McNamee and, if she survives the shock, we can promise the world a word-hurling combat, beside which all other oratorical matches in recent history will fade into utter insignificance.—Tampa News.

A TRUE SCIENTIST

Lord Kelvin, the foremost scientist of the age, passed away recently. Those who take it for granted that science is opposed to religion should learn a lesson from his life. He was a profound thinker, acknowledged as the first man in the scientific world; yet he was, at the same time, a sincere believer in the truths of faith. His investigation of the realms of science showed him that science could not explain everything nor satisfy man's best aspirations.

Little men who pose as representatives of physical science are continually telling us of the impossibility of reconciling religion with scientific discovery. They do not understand the meaning of their science and therefore they have no conception of their limitations. Lord Kelvin was a physical scientist without a peer in this age. Because he was a great scientist he knew the boundaries of his province and did not attempt to go beyond them. It was he who declared that science without faith is unable to give an adequate explanation of the world and of life. Others may scoff at religion, but such men as Lord Kelvin recognize the reasonableness of religion and its necessity.

Such men are an honor to science and by their example do much to offset the rash and ill-considered utterances of the Pseudo-scientists who make themselves ridiculous by their attacks on religion.—Florida Catholic.

A TRIBUTE TO ST. PETERSBURG

Green sweeps of great feathery palms—the restful, loving lapping of an opalescent shimmering sea—the flash of a thousand twinkling lights coquetting through green glooms—the easy skim of trim, little launches and snowy-sailed boats—the lovely velvet stretches of greensward and golf-links—the great live oaks in their eternal garb of gray moss—the orange groves in full fruit—trees in the foliage of summer—flowers gaily, gaily rich in blossoming colors—roads winding and dense palmy growths—road bridges over meandering streams or quiet bays—long-legged cranes rising here and there from the water and soaring away with a flash of whitish-gray-blue wings—broad piazzas all aglow with gay gowns and chatting groups—drainy music—quiet nooks apart with moonlight filtering through the palms—many, whirling dances—a steady whirl of men and women, seeking health and rest, and the endless delights of the tropics beneath the blue southern skies and in a balm of soft gulf breezes! That's St. Petersburg—Powell's Independent.

Wilkinson Call threatens to deprive W. J. Bryan—by appointment—of his seat in the United States senate, and Mr. Bryan threatens the Ocala Banner editor because Mr. Harris calls him a young man, etc. Mr. Bryan will get his at the ballot box.—Madison Recorder.

Gladys Vanderbilt has already received a million dollars worth of wedding presents. Didn't know there were that many butter dishes and salad forks in the world, did you?—Atlanta Journal.

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Red Rock Rye	1.75
Keystone	2.00
Belle Isle	2.50
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Blackberry Brandy	\$1.50
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Peach Brandy	3.00
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Catawba Wine	\$1.50
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White Oak	1.25
Fern Hill	1.50
Strauss' 76	1.50
Old Oscar Pepper (not in bond)	1.50
Planters'	1.50
Black and White Scotch	2.00
Mt. Vernon	1.75

GIN

	Per Qt. Bottle.
London Dock Gin	\$.75
Tom Gin	1.00
Holland Gin	1.00
Phosphate Gin	1.50
Booth Tom Gin	1.50

MALT HISKEY

	Per Qt. Bottle.
Duffy's Pure Malt	\$1.00
owman's	1.00

SWEET GOODS

	Per Gal.
Peach and Honey, "a" grade	\$1.50
Peach and Honey "aa" grade	2.00
Rock and Rye "a" grade	1.50
Rock and Rye "aa" grade	2.00
Orange Brandy	3.00
Banana Brandy	3.00
Apricot Brandy	3.00

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OCALA, FLORIDA!

A RISING CARTOONIST

One of Calvert Smith's recent cartoons in the Times-Union "Tourist Types" ranks among the best productions of its kind ever seen in any newspaper. The Record has had occasion more than once to call attention to this artist's work. As time passes it seems to improve, the sketches now being one of the most interesting features of Florida's big daily.—St. Augustine Record.

We are certainly pleased to reproduce the above item. Calvert is a Florida piney woods boy and we are glad to see him winning his way to fame.



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